

SONNET X.



Yer give me leave, since all my joys be  
perished,

Heart-less, to moan for my poor Heart's  
departure ! Nor should I mourn for him,<sup>1</sup> if he  
were cherished,

Ah, no ! She keeps him like a slavish martyr.  
Ah, me ! Since merciless, she made that  
charter, Sealed with the wax of steadfast  
continence, Signed with those hands which  
never can unwrite it, Writ with that pen, which  
(by preeminence)

Too sure confirms whats'ever was indightit:  
What skills to wear thy girdle, or thy garter;  
When other arms shall thy small waist  
embrace ? How great a waste of mind and  
body's weal!

Now melts my soul! I, to thine eyes  
appeal!  
If they, thy tyrant champions, owe me grace.

SONNET XI .

W HY didst thou, then, in such disfigured  
guise,

Figure the portrait of mine overthrow ?  
Why, man-like, didst thou mean to tyrannize  
? No man, but woman would have sinned  
so! Why, then, inhuman, and my secret foe!  
Didst thou betray me ? yet would be a woman !  
From my chief wealth, outweaving me this  
woe, Leaving thy love in pawn, till time did  
come on When that thy trustless bonds were  
to be tried ! And when, through thy default, I  
thee did summon Into the Court of Steadfast  
Love, then cried, \*'As it was promised, here  
stands his Heart's bail! And if in bonds to thee,  
my love be tied ; Then by those bonds, take  
Forfeit of the Sale !"